A Book And What it Caused

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Hermione's mouth was dry as she flitted down the hall on tiptoes, cringing at even the smallest noise. After whispering "Drazil," to the fat lady and crawling through the portrait hole, she entered the Gryffindor common area and went quickly to the boy's dormitory. Sneaking around the three sleeping, unsuspecting boys in the room, she grasped blindly in the dark for the smooth, silky material. She found it, Harry's invisibility cloak, and slipped it over her head as soon as Neville stirred and looked up confusedly. Hermione ran out of the room, invisible under the protective cloak, and ran through the common room and through the portrait hole. Heart pounding, she snuck out of a secret passage and ran down a corridor to the library. Out of breath, she reached the place where she left Ron and Harry were waiting for her. The three of them crowded under the cloak, and were off under the roped off section-the forbidden section of the library.

Excitedly, the three of them sorted through the books. One of them started to melt as Ron touched the pages. He quickly replaced it and they looked for the elusive book, The Sacred Book of Difficult Spells and Enchantments. Inside this book was the key to their problem-keeping Draco Malfoy off their backs. The spell was known as a personality transformer, and was quite dangerous. With this spell, the three of them could permanently turn Malfoy into a harmless Neville Longbottom.

Finally, Harry spotted it-an emerald green spine with silver writing. He grabbed it, and they rushed back to their dormitories, nervously looking around at every creak and moan of the steps.

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The next morning, the three of them looked smugly at each other in potions class. Their secret was safe and the plan was on the way. They smiled in anticipation of their idea working to plan to the dismay of all Slytherins, Snape, and of course, the infamous Mr. Malfoy. Out of nowhere, the voice of Professor Dumbledore rang through Hogwarts fifty times louder and more intense than a Howler, startling Harry out of his dreamy reverie. "All students, professors, and other people in the school are to report to the assembly hall IMMEDIATELY!" Frantically, the students soundlessly gathered up their things and headed down to the hall. They were all in shock. Nobody had ever heard Dumbledore this angry before.

Hermione, Ron, and Harry exchanged worried looks as they sat down. Dumbledore stood up at the front of the hall and started.

"I am ashamed to say that something has taken place at Hogwarts that has never happened before. I thought that you students were better than that. I expected more from each of you. I know that at least one of you know what I am talking about. Sometime between dinner last night and right now, someone had the audacity and stupidity to embezzle the rarest of all possessions presently at Hogwarts. There is a book, called The Sacred Book of Spells and Enchantments that we had in the restricted section of the library. Voldemort --the audience gasped at the mention of this name-- had all existing copies of this book, but they mysteriously disappeared with him. The only remaining copy of this book was stolen last night. Now, I take this very seriously. I do not know who stole this book; however, let me assure you that I can find out."

"The Ministry of Magic has an orb that will show past events that is called 'The Sphere of Memories.' With special permission, I have access to this orb, however if it needs to be used, the culprits will fall into the hands of the Ministry of Magic. This, doubtless, will result in immediate expulsion from Hogwarts and there is a possibility of some time in Akazban. Now, listen. The culprits have two days to confess to me, and me only. If a confession is made, we will not need to involve the Ministry. Is this clear?"

Harry sat in his seat sweating. His heart was beating so fiercely and harshly that he was afraid that it would explode out of his chest. Surely everyone around would hear and know that he was guilty. He dared not look at Ron or Hermione.

"All right, now, until the guilty party is caught, all Quidditch games are canceled. Thank you for your time. You are dismissed."

Harry, Ron, and Hermione stood up, and silently walked back to class. For the rest of the day, they barely spoke. Hermione never answered questions in class. Harry stopped by the bathroom and sat down dejectedly on the floor. His hands literally shook as he sat there rocking back and forth in fear. Later that night, the three of them met in the Gryffindor common room to talk about what they should do. They finally decided unanimously to talk to Professor McGonagall. ***

The next morning at breakfast, Ron, Harry, and Hermione found the Professor. "Professor McGonagall, uh, can we talk to you?" queried Hermione.

"Oh, all right," she said, her voice sharp with frustration. Harry recoiled at the tone of her voice and said,

"No, really, if it's a bad time, it can wait, really it can, it's just that we, uh, well, we really want to talk to you sometime soon, see we need, uh, well, I can't say right now b-b-but..."

"Potter, if it's so important that you are stuttering about it, I guess that it can't wait. My office is open, we can go up now."

The four of them filed up the stairs, three of the four trembling with nervous anticipation. They filed into Professor McGonagall's office and sat down, the Professor behind her immense desk and the three students in creaky wooden chairs. "Now, what did you need to talk to me about?"

"Well, uh.."

"Um... well.."

"We, um, uh, see, we..." they all three started.

"Really, please, just explain it to me," the professor remarked. Ron and Harry both turned to Hermione.

"Well...see... we don't exactly know what to do. See... okay..."she took a breath, "We, uh...well Malfoy... yesterday Malfoy set up the three of us. He stole our potions books and spilled the vanishing ink solutions all over them. When Professor Snape asked us to make the color changing hair potion for class, it was impossible. Our books were completely blank. Malfoy also left the phlask of potion in Hermione's pocket. It looked like we had accidentally spilled it on our books as we were making it for something else. I know, we should have come to you, but we thought that we had a better solution. See... okay. We heard that there was an elusive spell-the personality transformer-in a book in the forbidden section of the library."

"Does the book happen to be The Sacred Book of Spells and Enchantments?" Professor McGonagall asked drolly.

The three students looked at each other before slowly nodding. Expecting the worst, Ron pulled his knees up to his chest and could not look at the professor in the eyes. Harry stared at her face, trying to read her thoughts, and Hermione simply stared at the floor, a single tear silently glistening down her cheek. Professor McGonagall's expression slowly relaxed and she looked down, almost smiling. She looked up, and took a deep breath. "I know that you know that I am thoroughly disappointed in all three of you. I do expect better from each of you, especially because you are in my house. However, it is obvious that you already know my feelings on this matter. I am not angry with you. I am not furious, and I am not going to punish you." Her voice became sharper, "I do expect, however that you three will never, ever do anything this obtuse again in your life." Her voice softened, "but I know that you won't. Now then, I think that it's time that we all took a little stroll up to Professor Dumbledore's office."

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The three of them nodded and slowly followed of her office. Feet dragging, they trudged up the marble stairs, completely oblivious to the florid decorum. Professor McGonagall instructed them to wait outside as she went to talk to Professor Dumbledore.

The three of them waited nervously outside, shifting their weight from foot to foot. Harry glanced from Hermione to Ron and sighed. He admired Fawkes' brilliant plumage and thought back to his previous confrontation with Tom Riddle. Before his mind drifted to that horrifying event, Dumbledore came out almost immediately and beckoned to the three students and led them down a small corridor. He motioned Harry, Ron, and Hermione all into different rooms. Each had a bed, and with a wave of Dumbledore's wand, their trunks moved from the dormitories to the individual rooms. All three were under the impression that they were to stay in each room.

Harry dejectedly sat on the bed. He noticed that the book was still in his hands. For lack of anything else to do, and to keep his mind off his fate, he started to flip through the book. What he saw scared him out of his mind. More than half of the spells involved the dark side and used illegal supplies. No wonder the book was off limits.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door, and it slowly opened. The corridor disappeared, and in its place was Professor Dumbledore's office. There were three chairs in front of Dumbledore's desk, and Hermione and Ron were already sitting there. Dumbledore sat forebodingly behind his massive desk and motioned for Harry to take a seat. He did, and Dumbledore took a deep breath and started talking. "Professor McGonagall and Hermione have already told me the story about what happened. I do believe every word of it, as it is consistent of what I have observed of you three. However, I never expected it to be you. Now, who out of the three of you have actually touched the book?" Hermione, Ron, and Harry looked at each other. After a few seconds, Ron turned to Dumbledore and stammered, "Sir, I-I don't think that I have touched it actually. Harry found it on the shelf and... I don't think that I have."

"Yes, sir, I don't think that I have either, the more that I think about it. Just Harry," Hermione repeated timidly.

Dumbledore looked at the three of them and waved Hermione and Ron away. "Well, then you two better go off to class. Consider this a warning. Do not tell anyone about what happened here."

Hermione stared in astonishment-and then felt horribly guilty. "But-sir-we are just as guilty as Harry is! I mean... we were with him... it was our idea too. We snuck out at night and borrowed a book from the restricted section of the library. We should get in just as much trouble as Harry."

"Miss Granger, that is enough! You may leave now, you and Mister Weasley. Please. Have a nice day."

Professor McGonagall escorted the two bewildered students out of the office through the same door that Harry had come in just a few minutes before.

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Dumbledore looked at Harry, his face was expressionless and impossible to read. "Harry..." he started. "Harry, you are probably quite confused and are misreading my judgment. The problem is not with you sneaking out and going to the library. To tell the truth, I did things like that many times when I was a student. I remember your father also went out exploring often. It is the sure sign of someone successful at Hogwarts. You will need to be punished for that, of course, however that will not result in expulsion by any means. The problem is with the book. As I mentioned before, the book has a strong connection to Voldemort. There is a curse on the book-everyone who touches it loses their magic and the power is transferred to Voldemort. Because of the danger, I put a disappearing spell on it-where I can get to it among the restricted books, but only I can see it. If someone were to come to steal the book, they would never think to look in the library because of the sensitivity of it and the power inside. The only way that the book does not effect a person is if... if they have joined with Voldemort."

Harry's mouth dropped opened. Stunned, he tried to say something, but nothing seemed to come out. Dumbledore continued.

"Harry. There are some unanswered questions. I, for some reason, can touch the book without it affecting me, but that is because Voldemort fears my magic and power. However, I am not sure about the reason that you can touch it. It may be because of your strange connection to Voldemort, but there may be some other reason. I do not believe that you are evil. On the contrary, I feel that you are very good and have a special future ahead of you. However, there are people who feel otherwise who I cannot convince otherwise-especially after this. We need some proof."

"Sir-I would do anything to prove that I am not evil. Is there anything that I can do?"

Dumbledore leaned back in his chair and stroked his long beard. "Harry-there is something. The process is long and hard. It is-it is almost a type of surgery. Not a physical surgery-I will not cut you open-but a delving into your heart and mind. This process is very rarely performed. It will take several hours, but to you it will seem like an eternity. After the surgery is over, you would feel very weak for at least a month. That would probably mean no Quidditch for a month afterwards. With the surgery, I would cast a series of spells that would enter into your mind. It is a very complicated process, and it is a little dangerous. After the surgery, I would know all of your experiences, and all of your memories will be shared with me. I would know your intentions. You would have no secrets from me-however under no circumstance would I ever divulge any of that information. The choice is yours. I know-you are faced with a hard position. Choose wisely, and take your time. I feel that the best time to perform the operation would be the week before Christmas holiday so that you would miss as little work as possible. That leaves you three weeks before you would have to make the decision."

"Sir-I know already. I want to do it. As long as-if I know something about someone else, even if it's illegal, would you keep it a secret? I mean- no, I can't. I can't!" He thought of Hagrid and his pink umbrella and Mr. Weasley's car, and other secrets.

"If you are thinking about Hagrid's umbrella, do not worry, I already

know. He was found innocent, don't you remember? He was expelled wrongly, and I have trusted him the entire time. I even entrusted him with your life. And no, Harry, we are solely concerned about you."

Harry slumped in his chair. It was a hard decision but... "I'll do it. I will do anything to prove my innocence and that I am not evil!"

"That's settled then. Now, I suggest that you get to class. Oh, I almost forgot. I think that I was wrong about something-the invisibility cloak. I say that you are not using it for the right reasons right now, so I will have to confiscate it until after Christmas break. I will, however, waive detention for all three of you, however, I am thoroughly disappointed in you and the next time anything like this happens, I'll come down on you very hard. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir! Thank you!"

"Now get on to class!"

Trembling, Harry trudged down the corridor and walked into class. Hermione and Ron glanced at him, trying to read his expression, but they saw nothing except fear. He explained the situation to them later in the dormitory. They agreed that he was doing the right thing by undergoing the treatment, but Ron was a bit upset about the Quidditch.

"How can we win the house cup without you? We don't have a backup Seeker!"

"Don't worry Ron. We can think of something. Maybe Dumbledore can keep the matches cancelled until I am better."

"Still..."

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The weeks flew by for Harry in a daze. Before he knew it, it was time for Christmas break. Dumbledore stopped by one of his classes, and left a note for him with Professor McGonagall.

After class, Harry tore it open. In the same loopy handwriting it said:

Come to the infirmary after class. I will be waiting. Tell your professors and friends that you feel sick.

Professor Dumbledore

He trudged towards the infirmary, but right before he reached it, intercepted Dumbledore. Smiling gravely, he motioned for Harry to follow him through a secret passage into a small, brightly lit room.

Dumbledore handed Harry a bubbling blue potion that smelled like marshmallows. He swallowed it, and it bubbled down his throat. In a few minutes he was fast asleep.

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Harry awoke feeling like he was floating over the bed. Immediately, Dumbledore appeared in front of his bed smiling.

Harry tried to sit up, but Dumbledore waved him down. He tried to speak, but was unable to. Smiling again with understanding, Dumbledore said, "Don't try to sit up or talk. It's ok. You can't move much and really haven't been able to feel anything yet. But there is good news. I will explain once you are better. The spell still hasn't worn off. Just try to sleep." Dumbledore muttered something that sounded like dormisen ahorren and Harry felt himself drift out of conscience once more.

*** Harry's scar was tingling. He felt it before he could open his eyes. It felt as if there were thousands of tiny insects crawling around but without itching. It was the tingling that woke him up, and he reached up to feel the scar. It was still there. Stretching, he sat up, and looked around. Where was he? It all came back to him. The anxiety returned, even with the lingering memory of Dumbledore's assurance. Good news? He shook his nervousness off and concentrated on his scar. It felt so funny.

As he was collecting his thoughts, Dumbledore entered once more. "Ah. So you have awakened. It has been three days since the procedure, and I'm sure that you are dying to find out what happened. Well, you are one special young wizard."

"I have figured out what made you able to touch the book. You do have a little of Voldemort in you. Just a little-not enough to worry about. It is in your scar, and so I tested the possible damage. It is impossible to remove it from you entirely-and to be honest, I do not think that that would be a good option. It protects you from him in more than one way. However, I was able to make sure that the evil could not control your thoughts or impulses. I also saw something altogether frightening and remarkable. I cannot quite explain it. It seems that you are a direct descendant of Goderic Gryffindor-which explains part of it. But your mind has some type of power that I have never seen before. It looks like pure light. Rather strange, I know, but certainly not evil."

Bewildered, Harry stared at Dumbledore, taking it all in. He wasn't evil, he had no evil tendencies. He also had some new power-and a vision flashed in his head. He saw an older version himself with the sword of Gryffindor, holding it over the head of Voldemort with a purple lightning bolt jutting from the sky down to the sword. And as he did, he saw watching from the clouds the proud smile of his mother and father.

Harry snapped to. Dumbledore smiled at him knowingly. "Yes, Harry. You have begun to See. Very few wizards have the capability to See. It is a special power that is only obtained by wizards or witches that have an extremely promising characteristic. It is an honor, and an even higher one for a wizard so young."

"Professor, sir, what is it? I mean, I saw... I saw my mother and father, and a sword, and, and Voldemort... and I..."

Dumbledore cut him off. "To See is something very strong. When someone Sees, they see prophetic visions or visions of the past. They

are never completely accurate, but are very symbolic. Your parents may represent your ancestors, or your pride, or even the unknown, Harry. It simply depends. But, that's enough for now. I think that it's about time that you get some more rest." With a small smile, Dumbledore left, leaving Harry alone. With a slow smile, Harry laid back down in the bed and let himself fall back into a deep, calm sleep.

A week laterâ€¦

"Harry!" exclaimed Hermione. She ran up to him as if she were going to hug him. At the last second she stopped and gave him a bright smile. Ron came running through the infirmary door behind her. They pulled chairs up to the bed and stared at him anxiously.

"What happened? I heard rumors from Malfoy that youâ€¦ that youâ€¦" Ron faltered.

With a smile, Harry corrected them. "Whatever Malfoy told you was wrong. I'm fine now. And don't worry-I am not in trouble-none of us are. Dumbledore just told me that I could not tell anyone what happened until afterwards, for my own protection. I mean-well, if the worst was true, he didn't want word getting out."

"Like the rumor Malfoy is spreading? That makes sense." Hermione added contemplatively.

"You can tell us what happened now, right?" Ron was so anxious to hear the story that his freckles were almost exploding with anticipation. Harry explained the story to them, going over everything in detail from the surgery process to his vision, and then the last week where he stayed in a secret chamber outside of Dumbledore's office. Finally, it had been was time for him to move to the infirmary, and it had only been ten minutes since he settled in there when the two burst in. He had just begun to describe the vision a third time when Madam Pomfrey came in and ushered the two visiting Gryffindors out of the room.

"Harry needs his rest! He will never regain his strength with the two of you hovering over him, picking his brains. Out! Out!" She shooed them out of the room, and muttering under her breath handed Harry a piece of chocolate. "Here. Eat this and then get some rest. Those hooligans think that they can come here andâ€¦" Her voice faded off as she exited the room.

Hermione and Ron came and visited him every day with homework and candy and managed to convince Madam Pomfrey to let them visit for awhile. Most of their time when Madam Pomfrey was not hovering about was spent talking about Harry's ability to See. Ron had been asking around for information, and naturally Hermione poured over all of the books in the library trying to find information.

"None of my brothers have heard about it that they can remember," Ron told Harry, his voice full of disappointment. Hermione, on the other hand, had found a gold mine of facts about it.

"According to Vistagros, 'The ability to See has only been recorded in less than one thousand wizards and witches since the beginning of time. Such wizards and witches such as Merlin, Ciegavoir, Circe, Goderic Gryffindor, Albus Dumbledore, Morgana, Adalbert Waffling, and

Vol-" she broke off, and then quickly continued, "You-Know-Who, and many more have used the power to See to their advantage. The ability and intensity differs from wizard to wizard. Some report Seeing visions of the future that come true, others see clairvoyantly into the past, some can predict the outcome to duels and Quidditch matches, and others simply feel a slight throbbing pain in their leg before it rains. For a complete listing of registered wizards and witches who can See, send an owl to the records division of the Ministry of Magic and mention this book.'" Hermione closed the book, and faced Harry. Harry sat up in bed.

"Does it say how often these visions come up? Will they come every day, every week, or only every once in awhile?" Harry worried that they would distract him from his everyday work. Or what if something happened during one of the Quidditch games?

"It doesn't say. But I wouldn't worry about it."

At that time, Madam Pomfery walked in, and the two visitors, anticipating getting thrown out, tried to sneak out the door.

"No, wait, you two. I just finished talking with Professor Dumbledore, and we think that it's time that Harry go back to Gryffindor house. He is rested enough. I don't want him carrying his own trunk though, so could you two take it up for him?"

"Sure," replied Ron grumpily. He and Hermione trudged over to the heavy trunk and heaved it up. Excitedly, Harry followed behind them, anxious to get back to the normalcy of life-or as normal as life ever was at Hogwarts.

End
file.